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THE GROTTO, A POEM.

Written by PETER DRAKE, Fisherman, of *Brentford.*

In the year of our Lord 1732.

Scilicet hic poſſis curvo dignoſcere rectum,
Atque inter Silvas Academi quærere verum. HOR.

Our Witts Apollo's influence begg,
The Grotto makes them all with egg:
Finding this chalk-ſtone in my neſt,
I ſtrain & lay among the reſt.

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THE GROTTO,

A POEM.

We had a water Poet once,
Nor was he regiſter'd a Dunce.
I'll lay a while my toiling by,
And hang abroad my nets to dry;
And ſtow my Apoſtolick boat,
And try to raiſe a ſwan-like note:
For fiſhing oft in Twicknam *reach,*
I've heard ſine ſtrains along the beach,
That tempt to ſing a Cave's renown
And fetch from thence an ivy Crown.

ADieu a while forſaken Flood,
To ramble in the Delian wood,
And pray the God my well-meant Song
May not my ſubject's merit wrong.

Say Father *Thames*, whoſe gentle pace
Gives leave to view what beauties grace
Your flow'ry banks, if you have ſeen
The much ſung GROTTO of the Queen.

Contemplative, forget a while
Oxonian Towers, and *Windſor's* pile,
And *Woolſey's* pride (his greateſt guilt)
And what Great *William* ſince has built;
And flowing faſt by *Richmond* Scenes,
(Honour'd retreat of two great Queens)
From *Sion-houſe*, whoſe proud ſurvey
Brow-beats your flood, look croſs the way,
And view, from higheſt ſwell of tide,
The milder Scenes of *Surrey* ſide.

Though yet no Palace grace the ſhore,
To lodge that pair you ſhou'd adore;
Nor Abbies, great in ruin, riſe,
Royal Equivalents for vice;
Behold a Grott, in delphic grove,
The Graces' and the Muſes' love.
(O might our Laureat ſtudy here,
How would he hail his new-born year!)

A Temple from vain glories free,
Whoſe Goddeſs is Philoſophy,
Whoſe ſides ſuch licens'd Idols crown
As Superſtition wou'd pull down;
The only Pilgrimage I know
That men of ſenſe wou'd chuſe to go:

Which

Which ſweet abode, her wiſeſt choice,
Urania cheers with heavenly voice,
While all the Virtues gather round,
To ſee her conſecrate the ground.
If thou the God with winged feet,
In Council talk of this retreat,
And jealous Gods reſentment show
At Altars rais'd to men below;
Tell thoſe proud Lords of Heaven, 'tis fit
Their houſe our Heroes ſhould admit;
While each exiſts, as Poets ſing,
A lazy leud immortal thing,
They muſt, or grow in disrepute,
With Earth's firſt Commoners recruit.

Needleſs it is in terms unskill'd
To praiſe whatever *Boyle* ſhall build;
Needleſs it is the Buſts to name
Of men, Monopoliſts of Fame;
Four Chiefs adorn the modeſt ſtone,
For Virtue as for Learning known;
The thinking Sculpture helps to raiſe
Deep thoughts, the Genii of the place:
To the minds ear, and inward ſight,
There ſilence ſpeaks, and shade gives light;
While inſects from the threshold preach,

And minds diſpos'd to muſing teach:
Proud of ſtrong limbs and painted hues,
They perish by the ſlighteſt bruiſe;
Or Maladies begun within
Deſtroy more ſlow life's frail machine;
From Maggot-youth thrô change of ſtate
They feel like us the turns of Fate;
Some born to creep have liv'd to fly,
And change Earth-cells for dwellings high;
And ſome that did their ſix wings keep,
Before they dy'd been forc'd to creep.
They politicks like ours profeſs,
The greater prey upon the leſs;
Some ſtrain on foot huge loads to bring;
Some toil inceſſant on the wing;
And in their different ways explore
Wiſe ſenſe of want by future ſtore;
Nor from their vigorous ſchemes deſiſt
Till death, and then are never miſt.
Some, frolick, toil, marry, increaſe,
Are ſick and well, have war and peace,
And broke with Age, in half a day
Yield to ſucceſſors, and away.

Let not profane this ſacred place,
Hypocriſy with Janus' face;

Or Pomp, mixt ſtate of pride and care;
Court kindneſs, Falſehood's polish'd ware;
Scandal disguis'd in Friendship's vail,
That tells, unask'd, th' injurious tale;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Or Art politic, which allows
The Jeſuit-remedy for vows;
Or Prieſt, perfuming Crowned head,
Till in a ſwoon Truth lyes for dead;
Or tawdry Critick, who perceives
No grace, which plain proportion gives,
And more than lineaments divine
Admires the gilding of the shrine;
Or that ſelf haunting ſpectre Spleen,
In thickeſt fog the cleareſt ſeen;
Or Prophecy, which dreams a lie,
That Fools believe and Knaves apply;
Or frolick mirth profanely loud,
And happy only in a Crowd;
Or melancholly's penſive gloom,
Proxy in Contemplation's room.

O Delia when I touch this ſtring,
To thee my Muſe directs her wing.
Unſpotted Fair, with downcaſt look
Mind not ſo much the murm'ring brook;
Nor fixt in thought, with footſtep ſlow
Through Cypreſs allies cheriſh woe;
I ſee the Soul in penſive fit,
And mopeing like ſick Linnet ſit,
With dewy eye and moulting wing,
Unperch'd, averſe to fly or ſing;
I ſee the favourite curls begin,
(Disus'd to toilet diſcipline,)
To quit their poſt, loſe their ſmart air,
And grow again like Common hair;
And tears, which frequent kerchiefs dry,
Raiſe a red circle round the Eye;
And by this burr about the Moon
Conjecture more ill weather ſoon.
Love not ſo much the dolefull knell;
And news the boding night-birds tell;
Nor watch the wainſcots hollow blow;
And hens portentous when they crow;
Nor ſleepleſs mind the deathwatch beat;
In Taper find no winding sheet;

Nor in burnt coal a Coffin ſee,
Thô thrown at others meant for thee:
Or when the Coruſcation gleams,
Find out not firſt the bloody ſtreams;
Nor in impreſt remembrance keep
Grim Tapſtry figures wrought in ſleep;
Nor riſe to ſee in Antique Hall
The moonlight Monſters on the wall,
And shadowy ſpectres darkly paſs
Trailing their Sables o'er the graſs.
Let Vice and guilt act how they pleaſe
In ſouls their conquer'd provinces;
By Heaven's juſt Charter it appears,
Virtue's exempt from quartering fears.
Shall then arm'd phancies fiercely dreſt
Live at diſcretion in your breaſt?
Be wiſe and pannick fright disdain,
Abnotions, meteors of the brain;
And ſights perform'd, illuſive ſcene!
By magick lantern of the ſpleen.
Come here, from balefull cares releaſt,
With Virtue's ticket, to a feaſt,
Where decent Mirth and Wiſdom joyn'd
In Stewardship, regale the mind.
Call back the Cupids to your Eyes,
I ſee the Godlings with ſurprize

Not knowing home in ſuch a plight
Fly to and fro, afraid to light.....

Far from my theme, from method far,
Convey'd in Venus' flying Car,
I go, compell'd by feather'd ſteeds,
That ſcorn the rein when Delia leads.

No dawb of Elegiac ſtrain
Theſe holy walls ſhall ever ſtain;
As Spiders Iriſh wainſcot flee,
Falſehood with them ſhall diſagree:
This floor let not the vulgar tread,
Who worſhip only what they dread;
Nor bigots who but one way ſee
Through blinkers of Authority;
Nor they who its four Saints defame
By making Virtue but a name;
Nor abſtract wit, (painfull regale
To hunt the pig with ſlippery tail!)
Artiſts who richly chaſe their thought,
Gaudy without but hollow wrought,
And beat too thin, and tool'd too much
To bear the proof and ſtandard touch;

Nor

Nor Fops to guard this Silvan ark
With necklace bells in treble bark;
Nor [illegible] growl and fiercely paw,
The Maſtiffs of the moral law.

Come Nymph with rural honours dreſt,
Virtues exterior form confeſt,
With charms untarnish'd innocence
Display, and Eden shall commence:
When thus you come in ſober fit,
And wiſdom is prefer'd to wit;
And looks diviner graces tell,
Which dont with giggling muſcles dwell;
And Beauty like the ray-clipt Sun
With bolder Eye we look upon;
Learning shall with obſequious mien
Tell all the wonders she has ſeen;
Reaſon her Logick armour quit,
And proof to mild perſuaſion fit;
Religion with free thought diſpenſe,
And ceaſe Cruſading againſt ſenſe;
Philoſophy and she embrace,
And their firſt league again take place;
And morals pure, in duty bound,
Nymph-like the ſiſter chiefs ſurround;

Nature

Nature shall ſmile, and round this Cell
The turf to your light preſſure ſwell,
And knowing beauty by her shoe,
Well air its carpet from the dew.
The Oak, while you his umbrage deck
Lets fall his acorns in your neck:
Zephyr his civil kiſſes gives,
And plays with curls, inſtead of leaves:
Birds, ſeeing you, believe it ſpring,
And during their vacation ſing;
And flow'rs lean forward from their ſeats
To traffick in exchange of ſweets;
And Angels bearing wreaths deſcend,
Preferr'd as Virgers to attend
This Fane, whoſe Deity intreats
The Fair to grace its upper ſeats.

O kindly view our letter'd ſtrife,
And guard us through polemic life;
From poiſon vehicled in praiſe,
For ſatire shots but ſlightly graze;
We claim your zeal and find within
Philoſophy and you are kin.

What Virtue is we judge by you,
For actions right are beauteous too:

By

By tracing the ſoft female mind,
We beſt what is true nature find:
[illegible]
Your vapours bred from fumes declare
How ſteams create tempeſtuous air,
Till gushing tears and haſty rain
Make Heaven and you ſerene again:
Our Travells through the ſtarry skies
Were firſt ſuggeſted by your Eyes;
We by the interpoſing fan
Learn how Eclipſes firſt began;
The vaſt Ellipſe from Scarbrô home
Deſcribes how blazing Comets roam;
The glowing colours of the Cheek
Their Origin from Phæbus ſpeak;
Our watch how Luna ſtrays above
Feels like the care of jealous love;
And all things we in ſcience know
From your known love for riddles flow.

Father! forgive, thus far I ſtray,
Drawn by attraction from my way.
Mark next with awe, the Foundreſs well
Who on theſe banks delights to dwell;

You

You on the Terrafs fee her plain,
Move like Diana with her train.
If you then [illegible]
In Wedlock [illegible]
You'l own, you never yet did fee,
At leaft in fuch a high degree,
Greatnefs delighted to undrefs;
Science a Scepter'd hand carefs;
A Queen the friends of Freedom prize;
A Woman wife Men Canonize.

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